

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 607

When Bai Zemin noticed the tears slipping from the wide-open eyes of his father, who was staring at him standing as if lightning had struck him and taken away the mobility of his body, he had to turn his head to look away.

Otherwise, Bai Zemin would lose all confidence in not acting like a 5-year-old and throwing himself into his father's arms right now. If his father was just a normal person; then there would be no problem... If Bai Zemin was not a leader who for better or worse needed to maintain a certain level in front of his subordinates; then it would be fine.

However, Bai Delan was clearly a warrior with status in here... and Bai Zemin was no longer that young man who could act carelessly.

At the end of the day, many things had changed for both father and son.

"Prepare for the test, number 12." Fan Qiu's voice sounded a hint colder than usual.

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Bai Zemin turned slightly to face him and met two chilling eyes followed by the sharp sound of a sword being unsheathed.

"There are many more waiting behind you." Fan Qiu smiled slightly but the discomfort was clear to all.

Among the soul evolvers, Zhong De shook his head and muttered, "This guy really doesn't know what's good for him."

Just when everyone thought he was talking about the number 12, Nangong Lingxin who was next to Zhong De nodded and said in a cold manner, "It's better this way. When Bai Zemin sweeps the floor with that Fan Qiu character, I want to see if after he wakes up has the courage to show that nasty smile on his face one more time. My only regret is that I won't be able to put him in his place myself."

The people around the two looked at them as if they were crazy. In fact, without making a sound some of them started to move away a little as if they were afraid of getting into trouble.

Sweeping the floor with Fan Qiu? These two had not seen how strong that person was or what they had been doing all this time? Be that as it may, the answer would soon come out.

The eyes of Bai Zemin flashed with a hint of coldness as he looked at Fan Qiu. If it were a different time, a different situation, a different circumstance.... Then, he could ignore the slight discomfort he felt towards Fan Qiu after seeing him beating up new soul evolvers; beatings that could even be triggering them to stop evolving.

Unfortunately, Bai Zemin needed an "excuse" to approach his father right now... and Fan Qiu was just getting in the way.

Therefore.

“... I hope you won't regret it when you wake up tomorrow.”

Fan Qiu was dumbfounded for a split second before his face distorted into a grimace of fury.

“You-”

Fan Qiu seemed to want to say something else but suddenly his voice caught in his throat. His eyes widened and his pupils quivered in shock as his body froze in place.

How... How was this possible!

With a hand the size of his face spread wide open such that practically his entire face was covered, Fan Qiu moved his eyes stiffly to the side only to find the profile of the soul evolver number 12 right next to him!

Unfortunately for him, Fan Qiu did not have time to think too much nor did his body have time to react to what was happening. Before he could even move his sword an inch, Bai Zemin moved his left foot forward so that his left leg was practically oblique to the ground.

With his left arm behind his body, Bai Zemin fiercely moved his hand that was clinging to Fan Qiu's head forward and taking advantage of his stance brought the examiner's body straight to the ground.

Boom!!!

Followed by a considerable explosion, the surrounding ground shook violently before several cracks spread out to join those already present around the ruined arena.

A cloud of dense dust rose with the center of the explosion as the core in such a way that everyone's view was partially covered.... But this only lasted a second as the shockwave from the explosion was enough to sweep all the dust away immediately.

Swoosh!

With his body partially buried in the ground, Fan Qiu lay in the middle of a crater about 10 meters in diameter with him as the core. His body was immobile, his eyes wide open, but there was no trace of pupils as proof that he had fainted after his head hit the ground so hard.

Standing beside the body of the fainted examiner, Bai Zemin maintained the same expression as before. It was as if what he had just done was nothing worth mentioning even though the person he had just literally crushed had been toying with all the newcomers at will.

While the new soul evolvers froze with their mouths wide open, the other Black Turtle guild leaders were not much different.

“Shit!”

“That dude sent Fan Qiu to sleep just like that!”

“That Agility now is definitely comparable to a level 40 soul evolver!”

“Hahahaha! That arrogant fella finally met a real soul evolver and ended up paying the price for his arrogance!”

...

Fan Qiu was not a well-liked person among his fellow soul evolvers, even so, his strength was an undeniable factor and that strength was what everyone cared about. Fan Qiu was strong and his union to the battlefield had saved the Black Tortoise guild from many troubles; this was the only important thing.

As a level 35 soul evolver, the number of lives Fan Qiu had saved on the battlefield was not small. However, in the eyes of the other leaders, Fan Qiu really needed someone to put him in his place.

Precisely for that reason, none of them lifted a finger when they saw that someone had shown him that the world under the heavens was too wide to think he was too big!

Huang Tian looked at Bai Zemin dumbfounded but quickly snapped out of his surprise and could not help but bite his tongue. Who would have thought that among the newcomers there would be such a strong soul evolver?

Damn it, where did that guy come from? Huang Tian laughed out loud in his heart and felt really relieved.

“Friend number 12, what’s your name?”

“Mm?” Bai Zemin turned around and met the kind look of the man that had introduced himself as Huang Tian earlier. Looking at his expression, he noticed that the man seemed quite sincere so after smiling slightly he introduced himself, “Guild leader Huan, how are you? My name is Bai Zemin.”

“Bai Zemin? Good name!” Huang Tian laughed out loud, he seemed to really like to laugh and talk loudly. “Friend, with your level you don’t need to go through any test. The Black Tortoise guild and every one of us welcome you with open arms, isn’t it?”

“Of course!”

“Welcome aboard, Bai Zemin!”

“The next expedition will be much safer with another First Order soul evolver this strong!”

...

Honestly, Bai Zemin was a bit surprised to be greeted with sincere and warm expressions. From his point of view, he had just smashed a rather important member of the Black Turtle guild to the ground so he expected some hatred or at least a few angry glares.

‘I guess that Fan dude wasn’t that popular after all.’ Bai Zemin felt a little relieved that his uncontrolled emotions would not cause him any trouble this time.

To everyone’s surprise, Bai Zemin shook his head and said in a soft voice: ‘Guild Leader Huang, everyone. I am very grateful for the warm welcome you all are giving me even when I hurt one of your fellows, but I would really like to be tested for the last time.’

“This...”

Huang Tian and the others looked at each other in confusion.

“Bai Zemin, you don’t need to worry about Fan Qiu.... He only lost knowledge and wasn’t even seriously injured. You could say it’s his fault for being too arrogant and getting overconfident in the middle of the combat.” Huang Tian said in a heavy voice.

However, Bai Zemin shook his head again and was about to say something when a voice beat him to it.

“Fine, I’ll test you.”

Everyone’s eyes, including Bai Zemin, automatically moved to the source of the sound.

There, Bai Delan’s gaze was fixed on Bai Zemin as if the man was afraid that the young man in front of him would disappear the next instant.

“Eh? Bai Dela-” Huang Tian suddenly stopped as a thought flashed in his mind and as he looked at the way Bai Delan and Bai Zemin looked at each other he seemed to realize something.

Not only Huang Tian, everyone else who knew Bai Delan’s name seemed to notice something as the place immediately fell silent.

“Guild leader Huang Tian, excuse me.” Bai Delan looked at the giant Huang Tian and requested in an urgent voice.

“Oh... Sure, go ahead...”

What else could Huang Tian say? Refuse the reunion of a father and son?

Bai Delan was shocked, to say that he was stupefied was not an exaggeration. As he walked forward at a snail's pace and stared at the young man in front of him, it was difficult for him to associate him with his son. The Bai Zemin that Bai Delan saw grow up and raise together with his wife was somewhat arrogant and rather proud even if he didn't show it, but the young man in front of him oozed arrogance from every pore just standing there.

But what surprised Bai Delan the most was that he was 100% sure that the young man in front of him was his son. That little boy who had left the nest a couple of years ago in order to support his family with his not so minor grain of sand came back to surprise the father when they met again.

Everyone had retreated more than 200 meters at this point and were watching the center of the ruined arena from high ground. After all, the ones about to fight were First Order existences, and while it was clear that both would restrain themselves as it was not a battle to the death, the aftershocks could seriously injure or even kill other weak soul evolvers.

However, even after nearly five minutes, none of the two fighters moved. Still, no one said anything... Because everyone could feel how the atmosphere was filled with strong emotions ranging from sadness to joy and pride.

As Bai Delan looked at his son from the tips of his toes to his too-long hair, Bai Zemin also looked at his father in an attempt to study how much that person who had been there for him when he needed it the most had changed.

"You have changed." Bai Delan said hoarsely. Before continuing he had no choice but to close his eyes and take a deep breath to keep from crying. "You've become a proper man in just a few months."

There were more than a few times Bai Delan worried about his son's future. It wasn't about work or health, it was about other things. Since always, for some reason, Bai Zemin had trouble mixing with society itself; it was as if everyone in his eyes wasn't worth even a second of his time; as if this world wasn't good enough for him. But now, Bai Delan could tell that his son had changed a lot in a matter of months.

Bai Zemin chuckled and said aloud, "You've changed in a few months too."

"I did?" Bai Delan raised an eyebrow questioningly.

"You did. No doubt." The corner of Bai Zemin's lips lifted slightly and he said in a slightly amused manner, "Your face riddled with wrinkles is gone. It seems that the creams of mom really worked wonders on you."

Bai Delan was dumbfounded. A moment later, however, the man covered his face with a hand and burst out laughing, "Hahaha! Brat, you really grew a pair of balls to dare talk to your father like that, huh?"

"Come, father." Bai Zemin extended a hand forward and while smiling slightly flexed his fingers.

“From today onwards, I will take the main position at the table.”

“Hmph! If I don’t show you who the man of the house is you might think the world is too small for you, you little brat. Let this old man remind you how it feels to get your ass kicked just like when you were a kid!”

Without further ado, Bai Delan unsheathed his sword and took attack posture.

Such was the first conversation father and son had after meeting again with each other after more than two and a half months of panic, after so much insecurity, after so much pain, after so many changes